

Established

by

Edward
Sawyer

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THE STUDENTS OF THE BLACKSTONE VALLEY

REGIONAL VOCATIONAL TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

CRIMPVILLE COMMENTS

PUBLISHER
BELLINGHAM
HISTORICAL
COMMISSION



Jean Brennan
Chairman
OCTOBER
1979



Portrait by Doris Daniels Cox
Mendon Massachusetts



---And so the curtain of night
came down on the stage of life
and Miss Macy joined the throng
in the great Beyond with a new
Act of far more importance.
We shall meet but we shall miss
her gracious smile until then.

She crossed the Bar Oct. 16, 1978.



GIVE NOW

I would rather have one little rose
From the garden of a friend
Than to have the choicest flowers
When my stay on earth must end.

I would rather have one pleasant word
In kindness said to me
Than flattery when my heart is still
And life has ceased to be.

I would rather have a loving smile
From friends I know are true
Than tears shed around my casket
When the world I bid adieu.

Blossoms bring to me today
Whether pink or white or red
I'd rather have one blossom now
Than a truckload when I'm dead!

PAT Woonsocket Call.



REQUIEM

Mourners kneel, heads bow in prayer
Saddened, bewildered they lament
Why them, O Lord?
Smiting their breast, the hurt still there
Silently weep.
Spring brings hope, faith reborn.
He gave His life on Calvary,
Arose Easter morn.
Summer rains gently fall
Birds join a rhapsody of song.
God's Hand anoints the earth.
Autumn softly calls winter's tranquility
Beneath its beauty pure and white
They slumber on.
Toll, toll funeral bells
Peal forth, fill the air.
Aching hearts rejoice, be eased
They live in faith and prayer.

Marjorie Hand
Bellingham.

THIS ISSUE IS A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO MISS CLARA MACY HONORING HER FOR HER UNSELFISH DEDICATION TO TEACHING HER FAVORITE CHILDREN OF BELLINGHAM. The Bellingham Historical Commission feel that it is a great privilege placed upon us to present this Significant review of a noble character whose influence has extended over a period greater than fifty years. Many of her students became outstanding examples of her instruction in real life. Sadly, many also passed away long before she crossed the bar.

There arrived on Wednesday, the first of August in 1894, a little bundle of love with a winsome captivating smile and eyes that sparkled; daughter of John and Sophia (Lucier) Macy. She was destined to be entered in the pages of history for all time as a dedicated, loyal and loving servant as a teacher in the Bellingham school system where she had been schooled in here. In the very beginning her loving was bigger than her tiny little body and throughout her long career as a teacher it never changed in size!



Clara began school in the fall of 1901 in North Bellingham and graduated from there in the spring of 1910. She had been on the Honor Roll many times. In the Fall of 1910 she entered Franklin High School, graduating in 1914. She was hired to teach the 3rd and 4th grades at North Bellingham that Fall! She became the Principal in 1945. After 50 years of service to Bellingham she retired in 1964 and in 1966 the "Clara Macy" school opened its doors in her honor.

As she was the sixth child in a family of five girls and one lone boy she had plenty of advice from them but as her long life proved out she stood on her own two feet that was to make the Macy family very proud of her.

Emma Sawyer gave me an eye view of John Macy who was a big man and father of this active family. He was a French Canadian and as North Bellingham was mostly Irish there was concern that John would not be welcome. The Irish would meet the trains to see who had "nerve" enough to "invade" their territory so when BIG John stepped off the train and they saw what a man he was, they pulled a swift disappearing act and vanished out of sight and sound! Later it was admitted that no finer man could have come to their village. Honest and industrious he was upright and influenced his children with an integrity we sorely need today. His children in turn molded the generations that came later. HARMONY reigned after intermarriages solved problem !

From random observations we find that "Wednesday's child is merry and glad" and that "Wednesday is the best day of all" to be born in ! Then, oddly enough, the Talmud declares that "Wednesday's child is wise and happy" !

Turning to the period of her birth we find her among the very great; Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, Jacqueline Kennedy, Princess Margaret Rose, Arlene Dahl, Mae West, Gracie Allen, Lucille Ball, Julia Child, Herbert Hoover, Cecille B. DeMille, Napoleon Bonaparte, George Bernard Shaw, Walter Brennan, Bernard Baruch, Orville Wright, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Sir Harry Lauder and Robert Burns. With such an impressive list she could not escape from a fate that decreed she would be a notable lady rising to the height of fame in a slow but steady climb; bringing honor with it to the Town that she loved so well with an affection close to the Divine in an entire lifetime spent in this pursuit. Wandering still further into these thoughts we note that "Great love of children is to be found in this period of her birth, having a strong regard and feeling of responsibility for the development of the young, grounded in their sense of seeing the race carry on. When they are not blest with children of their own they often adopt little ones of others to protect and assist them into proper development for the coming generation. They usually have a magnetic charm and a friendly nature that makes us all glad they are with us and that we have the honor and privilege of sharing this noble vibrant life. They have an innate sense for strong organizing ability and managerial capacity that they put to good use in putting over matters in which they are most interested!". Time alone has attested to how well she brought to pass the destiny that was hers alone to fulfill with the many charges entrusted to

her keeping and love.

She was gifted with a Universal mind for there could never be said or found in her entire being a single solitary trace of prejudice or dislike for any child no matter what race, creed or color. Every child was a precious soul and gift from God to be nurtured and loved by her.

Now that the Roll has been called up yonder there must be a vast multitude of her former students who rose up in unison as they gathered around to greet and honor her and proclaim, "Blessed art thou who hast been the Mother to us for part of our short lives in school and who lavished so much love from an overflowing heart that guided us with a tender and firm hand by a far seeing eye and sheltered us from all fear and harm under your generous wing. Yes, Blessed Thou Art."

There is a duty now that we should hereby pay homage to Clara in appreciation for her long service even though flowery language falls now on a deaf ear. It is for us the living to reaffirm, rededicate and reconsecrate our lives to the never ending task of guiding children in the same unselfish way that she did for 50 years so that her humble efforts may not have been in vain.

April 12, 1973 was an auspicious occasion for Clara because the Bellingham Historical Commission under the direction of chairman Edward Sawyer, presented her with an Amethyst pendant attached to a silver chain. The Amethyst stone had been found in Bellingham. The ceremony was held in her former room #3 of the North school where she had taught for so many years. Ed was a former pupil of hers and had learned the art of merchandising skillfully under her instruction. In her very modest way Miss Macy accepted the gift with loving gratitude, holding back the tears of joy that was her cherished memory in this special room. The heartbreak was that time had taken its toll and required her to "retire" and leave precious memories to the past. At the end Miss Macy had 57 pupils to teach and supervise so with a merry twinkle in

her eyes she referred to these as her "57 varieties" after a famous commercial! She reminded us that she began teaching for the huge salary of \$8.25 per week! And--was informed not to look for a raise! But--she was so good that she did get an increase of \$.50 the following year... Your editor was shown the spot in room #3 where she stood for the very last time after all of the pupils had left her there alone---to weep with a broken heart realizing that age was now depriving her of the only real home that she had ever known and cherished these many years.

No more would she hear the laughter and joy of children's voices in the Spring of their youth. Gone would be the satisfaction of teaching them to become better men and women and quietly delight at hearing words of their successes in life. Later another teacher came upon Miss Macy in her sorrow and seeing her anguished spirit remarked, rather cruelly, that she should be happy to be relieved of her duties and burdens! How could she? This was her life, her home, her one love, her goal, her dedication and it meant more to her than any other place or abode could ever be for this was her Bellingham--her World! But she had to pay the penalty of change that fate decrees as each new generation takes its place. Clara would have loved to teach forever, to nurture the minds of youth who were her "children" and be a guiding light that removes the darkness from their path before they enter the adult stage. Milestones in her journey were the stairs that she had climbed often to reach her room remind us that now she has "climbed" the last stairway in life. She has reached her "Home Room" where parting and retirement are no more. A just reward for being a good and faithful servant.

Custodian Dalpe witnessed the presentation of the pendant with considerable pride and joy because he had worked there for some time while Clara was Principal. He just loved this charming lady, when a blush covered his happy face!

Knowing Clara, always bursting with energy and love for life, we feel that she is "not resting in peace" but is carrying on what she began here on this earth. And so our parting memorial is "Thank you, Clara, for the inspiration to strive to do in our small way what you taught us as children and be to our children what you were to us."

Sincerely yours



*Take it easy, Edward,
for in retirement one
doesn't have much time
to rest.*

(Clara)

July 1978. Her last autograph

Here we share with you a portion of a letter that Clara wrote to Ed in 1973 on Dec. 3rd with advice that was so characteristic of her loving concern for her "Children". This confirms our statements earlier.

Sadly, the July 1978 signature shows the ravages of time but we are so grateful that she still had feeling for others and left a thought and deed to pass on and preserve for posterity.

R

*Here's hoping that you
and Mr. L. keep up the
good work of unearthing
historical facts. They are
vastly interesting. Sincerely,
Clara Macy*

"Let us, the living, keep her memory green."



Trolley on Maple Street



Greetings, as once again we begin our Fall season. The Historical Commission hope that you have had an enjoyable Summer season and by now have settled into the usual routine. With harvest in full swing again and canning nearly all done; may your bins be filled with all sorts of good things, sweets and nutritious things full of vitamins to keep you well and strong.

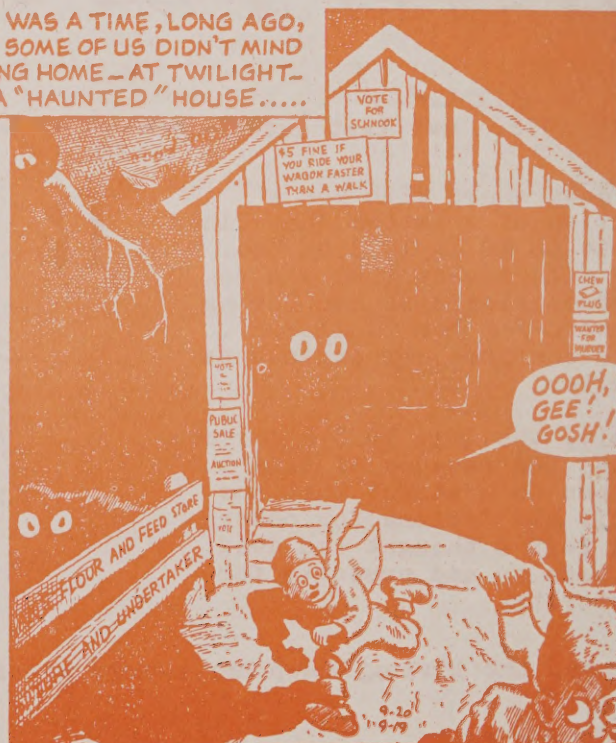
"Hard Scrabble"

In the book, "Confessions of Boyhood" by John Albee of Bellingham on page 62 reference is made to a section of Town called "Hard Scrabble"! Where is it? The dictionary lends some light on the area as being a place where it was 'hard to scrape, paw or scratch with the hands or feet' as if it were a land area that would be hard to "eke" out a living therefrom. Quoting Albee, "I have never forgotten my childish vision of this wonderful creature, (referring to the "Woman in Scarlet") a vision that connected itself with a neighbor's daughter who dressed in bright red mousseline-delaine and wore an immense hoop, played the fiddle and scandalized the community by her manners, music and muslin. But the young men were all in love with her and she held a nightly court in a little brown house in that part of the Town called "Hard Scrabble. She took the pick of her admirers, was married at eighteen, bore what Aeschylus calls the "divine load" in fifteen travails, fourteen sons and one daughter, and lived to play fiddle to more than thirty grandchildren! The Community at length became reconciled to her, although she continued to wear to the end of her life red gowns and a bulging hoop---the women gossips now said to conceal her usual condition. To me she was and is the "Scarlet Woman", an inhabitant not of Rome or Babylon, but of a town where I am the supreme pontiff, a town not made of galvanized iron nor stone nor brick, but weather stained boards with sometimes a touch of red paint!" Could it have been further down Grove Street where the area needs hard scratching? An old timer desires to know so please send the information along if you can. Thank you.



As I Remember

THERE WAS A TIME, LONG AGO,
WHEN SOME OF US DIDN'T MIND
WALKING HOME - AT TWILIGHT -
PAST A "HAUNTED" HOUSE.....

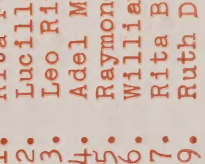
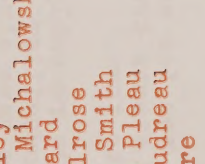
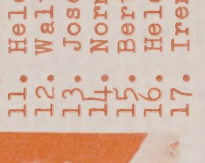
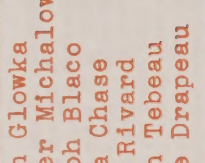


BUT ... HAVING TO RUN HOME - AT NIGHT - PAST
AN OLD CEMETERY, AND THEN THROUGH AN OLD
COVERED BRIDGE... THAT WAS GOOSE-PIMPY!

North Bellingham Grades 5-6 1933-'34

Helen L. Pickard, Teacher

Photos Courtesy Laura Drown

									
1. Rita Foley	2. Lucille Michalowski	3. Leo Rivard	4. Adel Melrose	5. Raymond Smith	6. William Pleau	7. Rita Boudreau	8. Ruth Dore	9. Russell Ridolfi	10. Helen Glowka
									
11. Walter Michalowski	12. Joseph Blaco	13. Norma Chase	14. Bert Rivard	15. Helen Tebeau	16. Irene Drapeau	17. Frances Naughton	18. Harold Pleau	19. Margaret Dore	20. William Ridolfi
									
19. Wilfred LeBlanc	21. Margaret Dore	23. Helen Campano	25. Russell Whalen	27. William Ridolfi	29. Harold Pleau	31. Margaret Dore	33. Helen Campano	35. Russell Whalen	37. William Ridolfi
20. Wilfred LeBlanc	22. Margaret Dore	24. Helen Campano	26. Russell Whalen	28. William Ridolfi	30. Harold Pleau	32. Margaret Dore	34. Helen Campano	36. Russell Whalen	38. William Ridolfi



James Kilroy

We strongly feel that someone from Bellingham may have worked at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy, Mass. during the World War II and became acquainted with this famous character who originated the famous slogan that was carried to every corner of the globe. James Kilroy began work there in Dec. 1941 as a rate setter. He got tired of being requested to recheck his inspections so in anger one day he took a yellow crayon and marked on the tank that "Kilroy was Here" where the tester could see it! Kilroy continued chalking the slogan everywhere he went aboard ships. Servicemen spotted the messages in many place and adopted the slogan as their own and soon thousands were seen where Kilroy had never been! It was a catchy slogan and was sorely needed to help the morale. In 1948 the Transit Company of America ran a contest to locate the real Kilroy! They wanted to award the man who started that famous slogan with a trolley car! He wasn't quite taken up with the idea of a trolley car in his front yard but he soon gave in because he had nine children and it would make a fine playhouse for sure. After midnight "Santa" and his helpers arrived at the house with the children's 20 ton Christmas present! James Kilroy passed away in 1962. Could be he is still on a "chalking" campaign doing good as always! We would enjoy hearing from to know if you saw first hand this noted slogan so drop us a line that others might enjoy and share your experience. We are, as usual, looking for a "link" to add to our heritage. Thank you.

"KILROY WAS HERE"

NEWS FROM BELLINGHAM, HEXHAM, NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

In June the Commission received a delightful surprise again from our hometown namesake, Bellingham, England with a letter and booklet printed recently describing the beauty and attractions of the Bellingham area. We are proud of this donation and appreciate the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Allen who sent them on to us. Greetings to her and other members of the Parish Council from folk in Bellingham, Massachusetts, USA.

Herewith is a transcription of her letter:

THE GLEBE HOUSE, BELLINGHAM, HEXHAM, NORTHUMBERLAND, NE 48 2JS

Telephone: BELLINGHAM 20265

4 June 1979

Dear Mr. Lundvall

We thought you might like to have our latest Bellingham guide book to give you some idea of what our small town looks like & what we have to offer our visitors.

Thank you for sending your paper, which goes into our library & is well read. The stamps are in great demand also, by our librarian's small son, who collects them.

We have recently had our local Government elections & I am still District Councillor, & a member of our Parish Council, unopposed in both places. We have also had a Parliamentary election & today, we are voting on members for the European Parliament so never a dull moment away from the Ballot Box! Democracy is a great institution!

With kindest regards from all of us here.

*With kindest regards from
all of us here.*

*Yours sincerely
Angela M Allen*

(Councillor Mes. A.M. ALLEN)

A page from the booklet.

Note how Bellingham is pronounced--Bellin-jum.

INTRODUCTION TO BELLINGHAM

Nestling at the foot of some of the wildest hills in Northumberland lies the small market town of Bellingham, pronounced Bellin-jum. With a population of about 1000 persons, it is a meeting place for North Tyne and Redewater residents who come for shopping expeditions and recreational purposes.

It is also a focal point for tourists visiting this part of the country, many are passing through on the way to the vast forest area of the upper North Tyne Valley. Visitors will also see the construction site of the huge Kielder reservoir, whose dam will lie across the valley above the village of Falsstone.

Hundreds of Pennine Way walkers are a familiar sight wearily trudging down the 'Mile' bank and over the North Tyne bridge, seeking refreshment and a bed for the night, either at the Youth Hostel, camping or staying at one of the many comfortable bed and breakfast residences in Bellingham.

The town was at one time held by the de Bellingham family who were Foresters to the Kings of Scotland. They were supposed to have lived in an old earth and timber castle on a grassy mound opposite the old railway station. The family is now extinct in this part of the country, but branches can be traced to Castle Bellingham in Ireland and in N. W. America.

The Wool Fair used to be the largest in the country and was always held on the first Saturday after the 20th July. Hirings were held three times a year for the hiring of shepherds by local farmers.

St. Cuthbert's Fair was another popular event taking place in mid-September.

Bellingham Show, now held on the last Saturday in August is probably a modern version of these past 'happenings'. It attracts many visitors who come to watch horse jumping, sheep and dog showing, fine vegetables, flowers, home baking and craft work.

New housing estates have replaced some quite primitive old cottages that used to house the iron workers and coal miners. Bellingham is a thriving community, a pleasant and friendly place in which to live.

People help each other and organisations support one another, there is a wide range of educational and recreational activities available to those who make their homes in Bellingham.

Bellingham Parish extends from Housby Bridge in the south to Hareshaw Head in the north; including Charlton and Hesley-side in the west to Redesmouth and Lee Hall in the east.

The Parish Council has nine Councillors who are elected by the parishioners every four years. Meetings are held in the Fire Station on the third Wednesday in the month (except August), at 6.30 p.m. when the public are always welcome to attend.

Bellingham Parish is a ward of the Tynedale District Council, and is represented by one District Councillor who regularly attends meetings in Hexham and helps local people with their problems.

Bellingham has won the 'Newcastle Journal' competition for the Best Kept larger village in Northumberland, four times in recent years.



"Think you are doing a good work" from Fred Rhodes. Thanks.
 "I certainly enjoy receiving "C-Comments",--"joins in wishing you the best." From A.B. & Margaret Cook--Owosso, Mich.
 "I so appreciate getting the Crimpville Comments!" Lois Hunter, Lake City, Florida.

WHAT READERS HAVE WRITTEN



"Warm greetings and best wishes." Luvia Cook and Jeannette Cuperron Woonsocket, R.I.

"The Crimpville Comments are greatly appreciated!" Mary Walsh, a loyal and old fan of ours.

"Having gone to school in Bellingham, I enjoy the paper tremendously. I was in the ninth grade class of 1915. I love Bellingham and was broken hearted when my mother decided to leave in 1916 and return to Plymouth. Thank you very much." Margaret (Nordstrom) Longhi, Plymouth, Mass.

"I wish to thank the Historical Commission for sending me the Crimpville Comments. It amazes me how people here (Florida) that see them get so interested in it. I often think of stories my grandfather (L.F. Thayer) used to tell me when we worked together hauling wood and etc.. One story that he told me about was how people had come to the Town Hall when his father was a Selectman to complain that the bushes at the corner (routes 140--126) had grown in so bad that everytime it rained, they would get wet from the overhanging bushes!" Donald Thayer, Bradenton, Florida.

And from Florence Richardson of Wellfleet, Mass.--"I have been thinking, 'Why couldn't I tell stories about my childhood on the trolleys?' I rode from 1912 until they were taken off. I was 3 years old when I was "shipped off" to my grandparents in Milford. I had lived with them for about 6-7 years sharing with my mother. Mother married Carl Whitney (lived at "Four Corners", motorman on the M.A. & W. Street Railway.) when I was in the first grade in Milford schools." Later, "my mother and Carl set up house keeping (in Unionville) I joined them. I attended the Unionville school." She mentions a severe and heavy snow storm when Carl and Mike Ryan were stuck in their trolley car on Eagle Hill! Then when the last trolley car went past her home on its way to the Unionville Car Barn in 1924 that it was all rigged out in black bunting! Yes, it was a sad ending to a wonderful era of the trolley car saga. The end of the old Milford, Attleboro and Woonsocket street railway dropped a curtain on the historical scene of a life of excitement and progress with a speed that was "easy" to accept. One could watch the ebb and flow of humanity in all of its phases and be touched by the tide of life as it rose and fell with a regularity that finally arrived in the present era, only to succumb to the inevitable change that makes it become a thing and time of the past.

And from Mildred (Roberts) Phelps, "Thank you for the interesting copy of the "Crimpville Comments". I liked the picture of Queen Elizabeth II as I am a rabid Anglophile. My mother was born in England and lived for a while at Stratford-upon-Avon on the same street as Shakespeare's birthplace. My father was born six months after his mother and father landed in Massachusetts. They came from the "Lake Country" nearer Manchester, England as my grandfather was a textile designer." She keeps in touch with another Bellingham teacher, Amy Sybil (Burditt) Rand who resides in Vermont. Amy is 87 going on 88 by the time this is in print!

"Do enjoy the paper very much, as one gets older we enjoy things like that much more." Evelyn A. (Moore) May, Walpole, Mass.

"Having lived in So. Bellingham most of my early life and attended school there, I enjoy reading the Crimpville Comments." Clara Sibley Esten, Woonsocket, R.I.

"I really enjoy receiving the paper, please continue sending it.---I'm grateful to you that you are doing so much in getting this paper published and out to us recipients." Hazel White DeCaro, Middletown, Maryland.

"The Boston Public Library acknowledges with appreciation your recent gift of a cassette tape of the Queen Victoria recording and other historic information" Philip J. McNiff, Director. The "Crimpville Comments" are sent to them regularly in appreciation for their many services provided us in doing historical research. (The tape was a private donation by the Editor.)

From the "Amos Adams Diary":

Sept. 1, 1905 "I left off smocking and chewing." (!)

Sept. 17, 1905 "I dug three pks of potatoes & picked 3 pks of wild grapes."

Sept. 26, 1905 "I went to a caucus in town hall this eve. There was a frost this morning."

Courtesy Moore Family

COUNTY FARE

By DAVE GRANLUND
THE SOUTH MIDDLESEX NEWS

We make headlines no matter what proving that the eyes of the world are watching us for something new! Our rich heritage still savors the spices of life!

Now--who would dare to "punch" an innocent ole time clock ??

Oh NO--not YOU ?!



You're no spring chicken, or an old hen, but if YOU CAN REMEMBER:

When men and boys sported a broken arm from cranking the family car.

When you brought your own gallon bucket or jug to buy syrup or vinegar.

When you carried your lunch to school in a tin jam bucket.

When housewives thought they had a modern home after the water pump was installed on the back porch.

When peanut butter was cut and wrapped in wax paper.

When girls rolling their hose were considered fast.

When kids wore knee-length pants and cotton sox.

When button shoes, celluloid collars and silk shirts were the

latest fashions for men.

When five cents would buy a pocket full of candy.

When coffee was ground daily at the store and you could watch it grind.

When a potato was used to cork the kerosene can.

When ice cream was sold only in the summer time.

When you walked three miles to school and then home in the evening.

When bringing in the kindling and coal were after school daily chores.

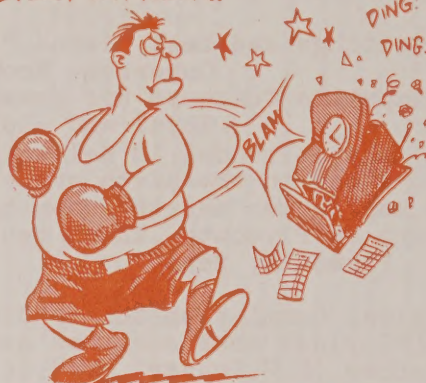
When the boys took out the ashes from the coal stove.

When women were going to hell if they bobbed their hair or smoked cigarettes.

Do these stir some memories for you?

BELLINGHAM

A NEW POLICY REQUIRES TOWN EMPLOYEES TO PUNCH A CLOCK EVERY DAY NOW...



...AND SOME WOULD TAKE THE TERM LITERALLY IF GIVEN THE CHANCE.

WATER PURIFIER---

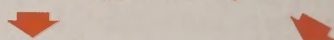
The old farmer advised that the best way to purify water in your well was to have a fish or frog swimming around therein ! When the fish turns pure white from lack of sunlight--replace it with another one !

You're next--

"Well, doctor, was my operation a success ?"

"Who's a doctor ? I'm Saint Peter."

Could happen to you if--



CAUTIOUS RIDER
TO HER
RECKLESS DEAR
LET'S HAVE LESS BULL
AND LOTS MORE STEER
BURMA-SHAVE

Courtesy Rita Sawyer

COLUMBUS FOR CONGRESS

When Columbus started out he did not know where he was going... When he got there he didn't know where he was... When he got back he didn't know where he had been. And he did it all on other people's money.

What a politician Columbus would have made today!



GEORGIE PORGIE, PUMPKIN PIE,
KISSED THE GIRLS AND MADE 'EM CRY.
"POST OFFICE" WAS THE GAME THEY PLAYED.
THEY CRIED FOR MORE, EACH LITTLE MAID.